Pri. Sir, pay me Angel gold,
Ile none of your crackt French Crownes nor Piſtolets.
Pay me faire Angel gold, as I pay you.

King. No crackt French crownes? I hope to ſee more crackt French crownes ere long.

Pri. Thou meanſt of Frenchmens crowns, when the kings in France.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Pri. Pay all: this is ſome lucke.

Kin. Giue me the dice, tis I muſt ſhred the prieſt;
At all ſir Iohn.

Pri. The diuel and all is yours: at that. Sdeath, what caſting's this?

Suf. Wel throwne Harry ifaith.

King. Ile caſt better yet.

Pri. Then Ile be hang'd. Sirra, haſt thou not giuen thy ſoule to the diuel for caſting.

Har. I paſſe for all.

Pri. Thou paſſeſt all that ere I plaide withall:
Sirra, doſt thou not cog, nor foiſt, nor ſlurre?

Kin. Set Parſon ſet, the Dice dye in my hand.
When Parſon when? what can ye finde no more?
Already dry? waſt you brag'd of your ſtore?

Pri. All's gone but that.

Hun. VVhat? halfe a broken Angel.

Pri. VVhy ſir? tis golde.

Kin. Yea, and Ile couer it.

Pri. The diuel giue ye good on't, I am blinde, you haue blowne me vp.

king. Nay tarry Prieſt, ye ſhal not leaue vs yet,
Do not theſe peeces fit each other wel.

Prie. VVhat if they do?

king. Thereby beginnes a tale:
There was a Theefe, in face much like ſir Iohn,
But 'twas not he. That theefe was all in greene,
Met me laſt day on Blacke Heath, neere the Parke, with

With him a woman. I was all alone
And weaponleſſe, my boy had all my tooles,
And was before prouiding me a boate.
Short tale to make ſir Iohn, the Theefe I meane,
Tooke a iuſt hundreth pound in gold from me.
I ſtorm'd at it, and ſwore to be reueng'd
If ere we met; he like a luſty Theefe,
Brake with his teeth this Angel iuſt in two,
To be a token at our meeting next.
Prouided, I ſhould charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recouer that, and what he had beſide.
Well met ſir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles
By Torch-light, for maſter Parſon you are hee
That had my Golde.

Pri. Zounds I won't in play, in faire ſquare play, keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintain w poore whinyard, be you two honeſt men to ſtand & vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

kin. Agreed, I charge ye do not boudge a foot, Sir Iohn haue at ye.

Prie. Souldier, ware your ſconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his ſword to part them.

But. Hold villaine hold: my Lords, what d'ye me
To ſee a Traitor draw againſt the King?

Pri. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickl

king. Butler what newes? why doſt thou trouble

But. Pleaſe your Maieſty, it's breake of day,
And as I ſcouted neere to Iſlington,
The gray-ey'd morning gaue me glimmering,
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,
Who by their courſe are coaſting hitherward.

king. Let vs withdraw my Lords, prepare our troo
To charge the Rebels if there be ſuch cauſe:
For this lewd prieſt, this diuelliſh hypocrite,